



The Agawam Mirror

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VOL. 5

APRIL, 1929

No. 3



THE STAFF

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Thornton Burgess Nature Lover

By HELEN RUDMAN

THEN February twenty-first, we saw from the windows of our English room, seven wild ducks, the first of the season, flying northward over the Agawam River. Discussion followed concerning the habits of birds, and reference was made to Thornton W. Burgess, the well known naturalist, whom we are all the more interested in since he lives just across the river, in Springfield. I thought then that it would be wonderful if I could have an interview with Mr. Burgess for the *Agawam Mirror*. Later, I gathered courage. I called him on the telephone and he said he would be very glad to see me.

At the arranged time, I admit I felt rather uncertain as I rang the doorbell. But as soon as Mr. Burgess opened the door my fears vanished. He is a tall, rather stout man with grey hair, and twinkling blue eyes look at you from behind his glasses. "Well," he said cordially as he settled in a chair with his pipe, "Just what is it you want?"

"I'd like some ideas for an article for our school paper," I replied.

Looking at his pipe, thoughtfully, he said, "I believe that New England should preserve her natural beauty, not only for sentimental reasons but also for economic value. Do you know that birds, animal life, and beauty in scenery are actually worth so many dollars and cents?"

"No," I replied, "I have never thought of it in that way."

"It is true," he said. "Probably all of us know that much of the manufacturing in New England is being moved to the Southern and Western states. As a consequence, many of our New England families will be more dependent than ever upon the large number of tourists that come to this section each year. Naturally, the more beautiful and interesting we keep our surroundings the more eager the tourists will be to return.

"We must realize," continued Mr. Burgess, "that birds are an essential part of nature's beauty. A scene looks dead and lifeless without the movements of birds or animals. I think most of us love to listen to the singing of the birds and to watch their flitting here and there among the trees.

"But birds will soon disappear if they are not protected in some way. Every year, hundreds are killed by autos because they haven't yet learned that they can't fly faster than the cars travel. They are unmercifully slaughtered by hunters and people who can't see anything move in the woods without shooting it. During the winter months certain kinds, that can starve in twenty-four hours, die indirectly from the lack of food not as we think from the cold alone. You see food keeps their bodies warm and when they are without it their feathers are unable to keep out bitter cold.

Simple shelters and also feeding stations help these feathered folk immensely in

(Continued on Page 20)





THE BREEZE

By Sylvia Hunter

A saucy young breeze blowing willy nilly
Shook the green petticoats of daffy-down-
dilly;
Tinkled the bells of the hyacinth sweet,
Kissed a young crocus so prim and so neat;
Laughed at a bluebird, and tweaked out,
a feather
For Miss Jonquil to wear in very cool
weather.

Then up through the treetops and over the
hill,
Swaying the grasses and rippling the rill;
Peeping in bird's nests, and taking a sail
With Mr. Grey Squirrel and his plummy tail;
Whispering secrets to all who will heed;
Then up and away like a ship at full speed.

SPRING TONIC

By Sylvia Hunter

Every morning take a tonic,
Just a sunbeam, one or two;
Take a breath of ozone with it,
Wash it down with rain or dew.

Wander out among the weathers,
Cold, or windy, wet, or dry;
Let the winds play with your garments,
Look above and see the sky.

Now, if you are truly human,
This will make your spirits glow.
Straighten up, and greet your neighbors,
And a friendly spirit show.

MY L'ALLEGRO MOOD

Ah, give to me the meadows green,
Where I may prance and dance and queen
O'er all my kingdom of free joy;
A kingdom fill'd with birds to buoy
The spirits deliver'd from flow'rs—
Sweet, simple flow'rs to rock in glee
Because its Queen was grant her plea
That sun and song and dance hold sway.

Helen Diamond.



The Wind's Will

A Boy's Will is the Wind's Will—*Longfellow*

By CORODA TINTI

THE morning was warm and beautiful. A cool breeze gently swayed the budding branches. Birds were chirping in their summer resorts. Boys were playing marbles. Windows were open, and curtains were flapping. Everywhere mingled whistling of old and new melodies proved the joyfulness of the morning.

Bill was happy, too. He was zooming up above the clouds. The admiring crowd below cheered him as he performed his stunts. His eagle soared up, then turned on her back, and down—down she came. About one hundred feet from her nest, the eagle gently turned again and landed. What admiration! How marvelous! How thrilling!

As Bill awoke, his mother was calling, "Bill, it's getting late for school!"

That wonderful, perfect dream had held him, but now he must go—go to the place he so despised.

"I can't keep this up. Here it is a couple of weeks I haven't done any home work. On such a morning, I'd be up flying—but that school."

Such thoughts and the beauty of the morning harmonized in aiding in his despair.

Bill went to breakfast. He thought, "Why should I go if I don't want to?" He nervously spilled the sugar. He sipped his coffee.

"If my folks won't understand this, I'll settle it. I'll go away from home and be my own boss."

He stripped a bite of toast. "Well, I won't skip today, but tonight when I come home from school, I'll tell them. I know they'll be disappointed but gee whiz—Oh, I won't think of it, I'll go today anyway."

He finished his hasty breakfast and called "Ma, what time is it? Ten of nine? Gee, I better hurry. Good-bye." As he said "Good-bye" he thought that it might be his last time and an impulse to explain once more flashed through him.

"No, I'll tell 'em tonight," he yielded as he started on his way. He noticed the passing clouds of smoke, he looked up at the real fleecy clouds in the soft blue sky, the carefree birds, chirping, flying with the wind. Oh, how he envied them all! If he were only a bird, a cloud or even smoke. Gee, even smoke got into the air. No school—nothing to think about—just fly, fly with the wind all day!

He finally reached the school building and pulled the heavy door which opened his way to that five hour period of agony.

He was walking, in fact running into the baited trap for youth. And this morning he was late, better than absent for this

was the morning that might detour him out of this ever-ready snare.

He was not unhappy as he entered the assembly hall for his would-be last time. It would take time out of his English period. It was, to him, a special and rather unusual assembly for he was sitting alone, no one to fool with, no one to help him get rid of his boring thoughts of school. Nothing was left for him but to listen.

He felt strange—like an outsider. He noticed how beautiful the picture on the wall was. He did not recall ever noting it before.

They were now cheering the superintendent who was about to begin his speech entitled "The Question."

"The question is what are you going to do in life? Yes, some of you boys are thinking of going into aviation—go ahead, but don't be misled. Don't think that all there is to it is to pilot a plane. In a few years you'll be in the position of a present-day chauffeur. If you wish to advance, you must understand your work thoroughly and to do this it is essential that you have an education.

Some of you have a desire to be civil engineers. Are you doing all you can here at school toward that end?

After you have answered the question, hold to your resolution."

The orchestra played the final number and during the music he was still thinking—and thinking was unusual to Bill. "Was it really so? How could he fix it all up then?"

With these questions still in his mind, he marched up the stairs to English, his first period class.

His seat was next to the window. He had a habit of gazing out, but this morning he was fascinated more than usual. He saw the glittering, rippling river, the stretch of green meadows, the smoky blue of the Wilbraham Mountains—but best of all was his airplane. He could see it over the river, going on and on over the meadows, over the hills and far beyond. He was boss, owner of the planes, and he was piloting for pleasure and recreation, but suddenly he stopped—How could he be boss? It was thus that he realized the truthfulness of the superintendent's statements.

"What are the five qualities of verse, William?" The question flashed from Miss

Kennedy, the English teacher, who had been watching him. She waited for a reply.

"William, you have not answered my question."

Bill turned around, dreamily. "I haven't answered your question but I *have* answered 'The Question,'" he muttered.

C. Tinti, '30.

L'ALLEGRO

To wake up on a summer's morn,
To see the sun new-born,
To hear the birds sing without a care,
With the fragrance of flowers in the air;
To view on the emerald-green plain,
The cattle grazing in the lane,
Where a bell faintly ringing,
From a cow's neck slowly swinging.
I like to see the bright green leaves,
Rustling in the morning breeze,
With the cocks so loudly crowing,
And the hens cackling, knowing
It is their breakfast hour.
A robin starting to build her nest
In a peach tree with flowers fest,
Bees a-buzzing in apple bowers
Gathering pollen from the flowers.
And then just in time for the noon-day feast,
Served both to man and to beast,
The auto then must do its work,
Travel many a mile and never shirk,
Then home in evening when day is done,
To watch the great red setting sun
Casting shadows through the trees,
With the accompaniment of the evening
breeze.

At last to bed; all is well and good.
These things put me in L'Allegro mood.

Harris Blanchard.

Amber

By DORIS PARKER

"**R**UTH," said Mrs. Calvert to her seventeen year old daughter. "I can't give them up. I just can't! We've had them so long. They've meant so much." Tear after tear tracked her cheeks, as uniformly as any government irrigation system. "You'll have to, Mother. They must be sacrificed. You know how badly we need the money," replied Ruth, equally broken at heart.

"I know, dear, but I feel just as guilty as Lot's wife. Now look at them, Ruth. Have you seen anything as beautiful "

Both pairs of eyes returned to the table, where, laid on a piece of purple velvet, were the bracelet and necklace, which constituted a set of beautiful amber jewels. Lovely pieces of jewelry are, to be sure, only accessories, which one can easily do without, but when they have been in the family for generation after generation, they acquire a certain individuality which makes them priceless to their owner. The five oblong jewels of the bracelet were placed in a wide, hand carved gold setting, which was now, partly dulled with the age. The necklace consisted of one larger amber piece, with a finely carved chain.

"Well," ventured Mrs. Calvert. "I shall take them to Mrs. Lane's Antique Shoppe, where they can rest with many other old pieces, in her huge window. We can, at least, get a glimpse of them now and then."

Mrs. Calvert took them to the Shoppe the very next day. Pride rose against the act, but the necessity of money overruled. A good sum was paid her, but she sighed, feeling beaten. And she wondered what Great-Great-Grandmother Goodhue would think if she knew.

Week after week went by. Mrs. Calvert coming home from work, and Ruth walking home from school, formed an invisible trodden path on the thick pavement that lay in front of the Shoppe window. Then one day Ruth running home all out of breath.

"Mother, oh, Mother, the ambers have gone. Mrs. Lane sold them. Yes, she said so herself, and she doesn't know the young lady's name."

"Oh, Ruth, you say a young lady, a girl, bought them?"

"Yes, Mother. Mrs. Lane said she kept them as long as she could, but the saleslady that takes her place at lunch hour, offered them for sale, and they went so fast, she hardly knew what the girl looked like. This young lady wanted them to wear with a brown velvet dress, and had looked all over town for real amber. Just think, Mother, won't they be just gorgeous with brown velvet?"

"Yes, dear, they will, but I had hoped they would go to a woman who appreciated their value," and the strings tugged at her heart, when she thought of how badly she had wanted her own daughter to have them for graduation.

Ruth Calvert was a member of the senior class in the Evanston High School. She was a popular girl. Her pleasing self-possessed manner, and sweet disposition won her many friends. Ruth was also a very pretty girl. Her chief attraction was her eyes. They were so large and dark, that each time the lids popped open those brown depths seemed to say "boo" at you, but, of course, you weren't afraid, because she was just a little girl, for all her seventeen summers.

Directly opposite Ruth during English periods, sat Eileen Dufield. Eileen was also a good mixer. Her parents were wealthy, and being the only child she often had much more than any of the other girls in the class.

One morning, while waiting for the final bell, Ruth sat frozen in her seat as Eileen came into sit beside her. For, on the latter's slender arm, and about her slightly scrawny neck, hung a beautiful set of amber jewels. Ruth's heart nearly stopped. There was no mistaking them. They were her mother's. A stifling, cold fluid seemed to pass through her veins. Her eyes were fixed on the jewels.

Miss Doane, while passing Eileen's desk to alter the curtains, stopped and remarked, "Why Eileen, where did you get such lovely pieces of jewelry? They must be heirlooms."

"Why-er-yes, Miss Doane, they have been in our family for years. They are, that is, they belonged to my great, great, Grandmother." Eileen spoke in low but distinct tones. She was pleased with herself to think she had thought of it.

Ruth wondered if she was hearing correctly. "Oh, no, that isn't so. How could Eileen lie like this? They never belonged to any of her grandmothers. Why, they were Mumsie's."

Eileen turned, and as her eyes met Ruth's, she knew by her unfaltering look, that she was in some way connected with these jewels. Eileen suddenly realized that the Calverts must have owned them. They certainly owed money about town, and wasn't the selling of these jewels a safe way to get it? As each stared at the other, a dull red flush rose in Eileen's cheeks.

Each girl knew the circumstances of the other. Eileen was suffering. Ruth knew she had lied. Shame and regretfulness flooded her soul. She wanted to run and hide. She managed to force a smile and left the room.

During the following week, Eileen had little or nothing to say to Ruth. The matter about the jewels, would not leave the minds of either girl. Wednesday morning came, and there was only until Friday for the Senior class to choose their candidate to attend the next year's Alumni Delegation at Boston. This was a coveted position, because it called for the most worthy member of the class. The whole school knew the choice would be between Ruth and Eileen. The choice meant much to each.

The race continued close until the final Friday afternoon, and then Eileen stopped Ruth in the corridor.

"Ruth, I know how you feel towards me. I'm sorry about the ambers, but,—well, I have always got away with anything I undertook, and I guess I got caught this time. This trip to Boston means everything to both of us, but I'm going to ask Dad to send me to Europe next year so—well, I hope you have a fine trip to Boston, and that you will also forgive me."

Ruth was surprised beyond words, and it was a long interval, before she found voice to say, "Eileen, I'm sorry I misjudged you. It is fine of you to be such a good sport about it. Of course you are forgiven, and I hope this will end our ill-feeling towards each other." The girls shook hands, and with their arms around each other's waist, they walked down the wide staircase and out of the school.



TWO GENTLEMEN FROM OHIO

In Germany, in modern years, a school-boy fastened wings to his body and tried to rise into the air by running down hill, with wings spread. This boy was Lilienthal, who floated in the winds and even to a height great enough to kill him when, at last, he fell.

In America, two young men, Octave Chanute and Herring, of Chicago, built a bi-plane glider; and in 1897, Herring put in a small motor. He succeeded, however, only in flying down hill.

But in 1896, when Lilienthal fell, his death was read of in Dayton, Ohio, by two brothers who were operating a bicycle repair shop there.

The account aroused in Wilbur Wright an interest which led him to take down from the shelves of his home library a book on "Animal Mechanism," and to read more modern books. By this time his brother, Orville Wright, became equally interested and soon began thinking and working.

These men were bold enough to attempt something which Lilienthal dared not do. They used wings much longer and accomplished remarkable results.

Wilbur and Orville then brought their glider into the sea winds of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. They worked two years in a bold and determined way.

In 1903, they solved the problem of flight so far that they turned their glider into a flying machine by adding a motor which was built in their own bicycle shop, from their own designs; and before the end of that year a man rose from the earth on wings which obeyed him.

Alfred Roy.

THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY

Few of us realized what an interesting history is connected with the familiar places about us until we heard Rev. John G. Dutton's talk on the "Early Geology of the Connecticut Valley."

Years ago the Connecticut Valley was a "Great Fishing Lake"-extending from the Amherst and Berkshire Hills to the Wilbraham and Middletown ranges. The outlet was the Saybrook River.

Gradually the water receded from the heights until the Great Fishing Lake had dwindled into many small rivers, among which are the present Agawam, Westfield, and Connecticut Rivers.

The lake bottom, which was about three feet below the present level of our high school gym floor, was composed of sand. Our familiar red soil originated from the disintegration of sandstone by the weather and water.

The Indian inhabitants called the section Massachusetts which means "Great Mountain Place"; massa-great, and wachusett-mountain place. Agawam is also an Indian name meaning "Great Broad Meadows" of which Springfield was formerly a part. Mittineague is translated as the "Meeting of the Fishing Waters." Feeding Hills received its name from the custom of the inhabitants of grazing cattle there.

Try to picture the Connecticut Valley of six thousand years ago.

Alice Fickweiler

Music



A Magic Orchestra Concert was represented by a group of Junior High pupils in the Fellowship Hall, March 5. The pupils described each instrument and told to what family each belongs. Another group of young boys and girls danced the Minuet. Their costumes were very attractive. The slow, easy grace of the Minuet portrays the dance of that period, which in turn is a true picture of the people.

If the dance music of a period is indicative of the people, what about us?

Johann Mozart

The Girls' Glee Club is now preparing "Gloria" from the twelfth Mass for commencement. This composition is one of Mozart's most renowned. It was written about the time of Washington. This fact makes it easy for us to picture the life of those times.

Wolfgang Amadens Mozart, one of the greatest of musical composers, was born in 1756, at Salzburg, where his father was sub-director of the archepiscopal chapel. His extraordinary musical talents were cultivated to the utmost by his father.

At the age of four, Mozart played the clavichord, and composed a number of minuets and other pieces still widely used. When only six years of age, his performance were so remarkable that his father took him to Munich and Vienna, where he obtained every kind of encouragement from the Elector of Bavaria and the Emperor Francis I.

In 1763 and 1764 the Mozart family visited Paris and London. At the age of seven, young Mozart surprised a party of musicians by taking part, at sight, in a trio for stringed instruments. Symphonies of his own composition were produced in a public concert in London; and while there he composed and published six sonatas, and made acquaintance with the words of Handel, recently deceased.

In 1769, at the age of thirteen, Mozart was appointed director of the Prince Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, and in the same year he traveled with his father to Italy, where he created an unheard-of enthusiasm by his performances and compositions. He composed the opera of "Mithridates" at Milan, and the opera of "Idomeneo." His six quartets, dedicated to Haydn, appeared in 1785, and in 1786 "Le Nozze di Figaro." He produced his chef-d'oeuvre, "Don Giovanni," which, though received with enthusiasm at Prague, was at first beyond the comprehension of the Viennese. Although he died in 1791, his works are still famous and they will live through many of the coming years.

French Notes



On Friday, March 15, the "Cercle Francais" held its meeting. First came the "Seance d'affaires" at which it was decided that the next meeting take place April 18. Invitations will be issued to members of the beginning French class who have obtained 80 or over as a mark. Flory Costa, Grace Brady, and Maurice Rohan were chosen as the committee in charge of the initiation.

After the "Seance d'affaires" came the "Seance d'enseignments." Flory Costa and Vera Brown were teachers. Flory taught us some nice things we didn't know about the rivers of France and Vera taught us a French song. Wish all the teachers were "comme-ca."

Then came the "Seance d'amusements." We enjoyed the meeting by playing French games and singing French songs. Finally we decided we had been French long enough so, with a wave of the fairy's wand we became English.

C. Tinti.

Art



The girls are still working on their pencil sketches and are very successful in their work as proved by their finished pictures.

A lovely old house with triangular roofs, a large bay window to the right of a two story porch, scattered shrubs along the foreground and on either side of the door, and two vases of clay on either side of the walk, is the work of A. Bassi. This is given honorable attention due to its realness of form, and depth shown by varying shadows. Another sketch of two large trees, one of a deeper shade than the other; both, casting a shadow on the wind blown grass; and fleecy clouds rising up along the horizon; is the work of Alice Fickweiler. The various pencil strokes are cleverly shown in this sketch. Hazel Bennett shows much technique in her sketch consisting of a high wall over-laden with shrubs and vines, in the foreground of which is a wheelbarrow, a hoe, and a pail. Another scene of trees behind which is the structure of pillars, is the work of Frances Figiel. The trees are given distinction by their various tones of shading. And, too, the picture drawn by Justine Healy, which is made up of three huge snaky looking trees, entwined by their own branches, which shadows the ground beneath; and buildings of great height in the background, is the work of a capable hand. A front view of a building, the work of Alice Harrigan; a doorway, the work of H. Stepanik; and the vast structure of an ancient building with a man and horse in the entrance, forming a great contrast in the size of the two, the work of G. Wheeler; are the sketches of the other girls who are prospering under the careful instructions of Miss Crowley.

The boys, taking a course in the commercial line, are very clever with the pen. Their sketches, to receive all due credit, must be seen. Words cannot describe these artists' accomplishments without doing them an injustice.

The sketches, as shown throughout this issue, are the work of Francis Figiel, Marjorie Secord, M. Donaldson, Alben Bassi, and E. Renton.

Pauline Corriveau.

Junior High



IN LOVING MEMORY

From this world of grief and trouble,
To the land of peace and rest
God has taken you, dear mother,
Where you will find peace and rest.

We often think of days gone by,
When we were all together,
A shadow o'er our home is cast
A loved one's gone forever.

Kenneth Kuralt, 8-2.

The Junior High is continuing its musical course under Walter Damrosch. It is now studying the percussion instruments, and after this noisy family, a few large numbers by orchestras are to be explained.

Eva Richard.

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL

Grade 7-1: Betty Bailey, Elizabeth Bloom, Joseph Cirillo, Jane Hamblen, Shirley Hawkes, Gertrude Jensen, Helen Ramah.

Grade 7-2: Hazel Lee, Arthur Cooley.

Grade 8-1: Nina Arnold, Dorothy Brown, Celia Grasso, Barbara Grout, Barbara Halladay, Maydaline Mincarelli, Robert Johnston, Doris Morrison, Rina Raffinetti, Elsie Schultz, Walter Backiel, Vincent Cirillo.

Grade 8-2: Mary Tatro, Clifford Mumford, Marcel Rioux, James Goss.

Exchanges

MAGAZINES

Enfield Echo, Enfield, Conn.
The Scroll, Toledo, Ohio.
Homespun, Greenboro, N. C.
Helios, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Greenfield Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.
The Gleam, St. Paul, Minn.
The Mercury, West Springfield, Mass.
The Register, Burlington, Vt.
The Lantern, Newtown, New York.
The Wampatuck, Braintree, Mass.
Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.
Hopkins Arms, South Hadley, Mass.
The Tattle Tale, Wareham, Mass.
The Academy, St. Paul, Minn.
The Forum, Minneapolis, Minn.
The Merryune, British Honduras.
Junior Packet, Junior High, W. Springfield.
Alligator, Ware, Mass.
The Salemica, New Salem, Mass.
The Student, Holmes High, Covington, Ky.
The Westfield Herald, Westfield, Mass.
The Hi-News, Ludlow, Mass.
Odds and Ends, Detroit, Mich.
Netop, Turners Falls, Mass.
Retina, Toledo, Ohio.
The Amplifier, Huntingdon, Mass.

PAPERS

Commerce, Springfield, Mass.
The Palmer, Palmer, Mass.
Durfee Hilltop, Fall River, Mass.
Calvert News, Tiffin, Ohio.
Exponent, Greenfield.
The Little Red School House, Athol, Mass.
The Signboard, Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.
The Woodward Tattler, Toledo, Ohio.
Monsonia, Monson, Mass.
The Massachusetts Collegian, Amherst, Mass.
The Student Lantern, Saginaw, Mich.
The Weekly Mirror, Lima, Ohio.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF US

The Register, Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt.—You have a well-balanced paper. Your poems are very good. Why not have a special section for them?

The Wampatuck, Braintree High School, Braintree, Mass.—The team from the Agawam High School, a small school in central Massachusetts, carried off practically all the honors at the Connecticut Valley Commercial Teachers' Association contest it seems. The pupils give musical programs at their assemblies, which to me, seems an excellent idea. It would be interesting to know how they are received by the students in general. As we go to press we noticed they took second place for small school publications in the national contest for 1928.

The Retina, Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio.—Look at that aristocratic cover on the Agawam Mirror, Agawam High School, Agawam, Mass. "The Quest of the Lyre" is very interesting. "The Spice Box" is snappy.

Odds & Ends, Northwestern High School, Detroit, Michigan.—Nice paper for a cover, but are you going to make that cover design permanent? If so, it is not a fitting one. We find nothing positively wrong, but there are weak spots. As a quarterly, you should be able to gather more material.

The Tattle-Tale, Wareham High School, Wareham, Mass.—One really good story, but why not more of them? You have a very attractive cover design.

The Forum, Senn High School, Chicago, Illinois.—The outstanding feature of *The Mirror*, is the highly entertaining story found at the beginning. We also wish to compliment the fine editorials and poetry.

The Homespun, Central High School, Greensboro, North Carolina.—Under "The Shuttle," *Homespun* makes the following criticism of its own case:

(Continued on Page 22)

School Notes

A VALENTINE TEA

Invitations, designed and made by Alice Harrigan and Ethel Robinson, were presented to the members of the faculty, requesting them to attend a Valentine Tea to be given by the Junior High III girls.

Accordingly on February fourteenth, the teachers flocked to the sewing room where they were greeted by their hostess, Ruth Skinner.

The room was cleverly decorated. Heart-shaped shades covered the lights and red and white carnations and red candles made the tables festive.

Tea was poured by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Phelps. Heart-shaped sandwiches and fancy cookies were served by girls who wore white dresses and red and white crepe paper aprons. A red heart adorned each girl's head.

How fortunate the faculty members are!

THE COLLEGE CLUB

The College Club has been organized for this year and as a result of the election of officers, George Roos has been chosen President, and Helen Rudman, Secretary. Plans were made for a future meeting to be held in the form of a social gathering.

On March fifth, the club members assembled in the High School Auditorium. Two of our former graduates were the speakers. Florence Blish '24 spoke on "General Life at Westfield Normal"; Ralph Channel '28 related the activities and requirements of Springfield College. An excellent entertainment followed. Four of the club members gave a comic pantomime, "The Lighthouse," after which a pleasing violin selection was rendered by Thomas Holmes. Then Miss Perry gave one of her delightful pianologues. Refreshments of punch and cookies were served and dancing concluded the program.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

Although February is a short month, it has been very important to those who attend our assemblies, a fact due to the celebration of the birthdays of our two greatest Americans.

In honor of Lincoln, Miss Barnes prepared a delightful play, "An Episode in Lincoln's Life," which pictured Lincoln as the lifesaver of a youth accused of treason. The cast consisted of Junior High students. James Fullum impersonated Lincoln. To complete the program, the orchestra favored us with two selections, "The War March" and Victor Herbert's "Favorites."

The Washington Day program was planned by Junior High pupils with the advice of Mrs. Phillips. A series of tableaux pictured the various phases of Washington's life. An additional feature of the program was the "Court Minuet" given by twelve of the Junior High students in costume. Our ever faithful orchestra rendered Bethoven's "Minuet in G."

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She braces every broken heart
She soothes each humble soul,
She gives light where all is dark
And brightens the path to our goal.

Cheer she gives to those in need
Comfort to those in sorrow,
To young and old she gives the seed
Of dreams to plant for the morrow.

She leads onward towards success
Through years of weary toil,
Until at last in the wilderness
We strike that fertile soil.

Pearl Bean.



AGAWAM IS CROWNED CHAMPION OF TWIN STATE LEAGUE FOR THIRD SUCCESSIVE TIME.

West Springfield at Agawam

In the roughest game of the season, Agawam was victorious over its greatest rival, West Springfield. Score: 21-10. Although it lead 17-4 at half time, Agawam was outscored 6-4 in the second.

Captain L. Roy and Fortini led the attack for Agawam while Fields led the West Siders.

Ludlow at Agawam

A last minute basket by Pond and thrown from the center of the court, brought victory to the league champs in a slow and interesting tilt. Score: 15-14.

Pond proved to be a hero while Captain L. Roy featured on the defense. Rooney and Ersold starred for Ludlow.

Ware at Agawam

Agawam and Ware played on even terms throughout the first half with Ware holding a one point margin at half time. The second half started well with Ware having the edge throughout the third quarter but at this point Merrell subbed: for Fortini and sank three baskets to bring home the victory.

Jack Daley, a guard, was absent from the line-up due to blood poisoning. Captain L. Roy starred both defensively and offensively with 10 points. Larry's ability to cage these points practically clinched the victory.

Monson at Agawam

Monson High furnished little opposition to the locals and Agawam walked away with the game. Score: 37-8. Monson only made one basket.

Captain L. Roy, Merrell, and Fortini led the home team to victory. Constantina scored the only field goal for Monson.

Agawam at Palmer

Agawam extended its winning streak to 28 straight games with Palmer as the victim. Score: 25-16.

Agawam jumped to an early lead, and led at half time 15-4, thanks to the fine shooting of Fortini who led the scores with 15 points. The second half found Agawam playing a defensive game and was outscored 12-10.

Captain L. Roy and Fortini starred for Agawam. Curtin featured for Palmer.

Agawam at Enfield

After having won 28 games without a loss, since December 23, 1927 when Tech defeated them, Agawam fell victim to Enfield High by a one point margin and thereby suffered its first league loss after having won 33 straight league victories.

A. Roy led Agawam in scoring while Captain L. Roy and Pond starred defensively.

Simsbury at Agawam

Led by A. Roy and Fortini, on the offense, Agawam managed to win its 14 games of the season from Simsbury. Score: 19-14.

Eddy starred for Simsbury while Pond, A. Roy, and Fortini starred for Agawam.

Stafford at Agawam

Agawam defeated Stafford Springs in the fastest game of the season on the local court. Score: 24-11.

The victory carried the Twin-State League Championship with it and thus makes the third title in a row for Agawam. During these three years of championship play, Agawam has lost only one game, that to Enfield last week.

The entire Agawam team featured while Giacomini starred for Stafford.

Tech at Agawam

With Tech putting up the strongest defense the local have played against this season, Agawam found great difficulty in locating the hoop and as a result suffered its second defeat of the season. Score: 25-16.

Agawam played its rival on even terms in the first half but Tech tore the Agawam defense to pieces in the second half and easily marched to victory.

Capt. L. Roy and Pond were easily the feature performers for Agawam while Capt. Bill Lawler was the star for Tech.

Northampton at Agawam

Northampton, champion of the valley league and the only undefeated team in the valley, found little difficulty in trimming our Twin State Legaue champs by the great margin of 40-6. Agawam was held scoreless from the floor and was only able to gather six points.

There's no doubt but what 'Hamp put up the greatest exhibition of shooting ever witnessed in our gym. It was a treat to watch these boys pass and shoot.

The entire 'Hamp team played excellent basketball while Capt. Roy and A. Roy put up the best game for Agawam.

Agawam at Simsbury

With "Tex" Wilson, a substitute, leading the attack, Agawam was victorious for the second time this season over Simsbury. Score: 21-15.

Wilson starred for Agawam with 13 points while Eddy led the Simsbury scorers.

Agawam at Northampton

Agawam received its second trouncing in as many tries against 'Hamps' champs by the score of 37-10. Although the game was played on 'Hamp's floor the locals managed to score almost twice as many points as it did at home and would have made things rather interesting for 'Hamp if she had been more successful in caging a few easily missed shots.

The entire 'Hamp team played well in unison while Fortini, Pond and Capt. L. Roy featured for Agawam.

Individual Scoring

	<i>G</i>	<i>Baskets</i>	<i>Fouls</i>	<i>Total</i>
R. Fortini....	20	62	32	156
A. Roy.....	20	27	16	70
Capt. L. Roy..	17	22	21	65
C. Pond.....	20	23	12	58
R. Merrell....	10	12	2	26
J. Daley.....	9	4	7	15
J. Reynolds..	9	4	4	12
H. Abell.....	6	4	0	8
W. Bodman..	7	0	1	1
Totals.....	20	169	99	437
Opponents...	20	122	98	342

GIRLS**Stafford Springs at Agawam**

Agawam again showed its supremacy over its rivals by taking Stafford Springs into camp to the tune of 42-10.

Costa, Rudman, and Grimes again led the attack while Hastings and Bozenhard continued their fine work by holding their opponents to 10 points.

Agawam at Holyoke

The Agawam girls ended a very successful season on the basketball court by easily trouncing the Holyoke Girl Scouts. Score: 45-11.

Grimes, Costa, Jones and Rudman starred on the offense while the rest of the team played particularly well defensively.

West Springfield at Agawam

Agawam found little difficulty in adding West Side's favorites to it already long list of victims. Score: 28-13. Agawam had previously lost by a one point margin.

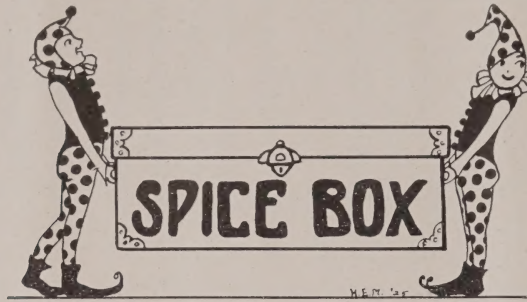
The Agawam guards, Hastings, Bozenhard, and Voislow did noble work in holding down their opposing forwards, while on the other end of the court Grimes and Costa did the scoring. Fickweiler and Renton at center proved very good, too. Somberger starred for the West Siders.

Huntington at Agawam

Huntington proved to be no match for Agawam, and as a result the Agawam girls rolled up point after point to bring home an easy victory. Score: 50-10.

Jones, Rudman, and Pizano led the scorers while the second string guards were holding down the opposing forwards.

(Continued on Page 18)



Question: "What's a niche?"

Answer: "Weren't you ever bitten by a mosquito?"—*The Mercury*.

Miss Bosworth (to class studying "Il Penseroso"): "Silence is necessary for meditation unless what might interrupt?"

S. N.: "The telephone!"—*The Mercury*.

Mr. Leach: "New Jersey isn't a young calf; it's part of football uniform."

—*The Retina*.

Student: "How did I come through the test?"

Mrs. Allen: "Well, as an English student you'd make a fine barber."

Student: "Watta you mean? Did I get through on a close shave?"—*The Retina*.

Miss Walker (having given an assignment): "If I hear any more grunts I'll give you a double assignment."

Pupil gives a loud grunt.

Miss Walker: "I knew I'd find some pig here wanting more."—*High School Herald*.

Stout Lady: "Can you tell me if I can go through this gate to the park?"

Little Boy: "I guess so. A load of hay just went through."—*Odds and Ends*.

Bargeron: "Hey, what are you doing in that coal bin?"

Gusek: "I'm laying in my coal for the winter."—*High School Herald*.

Minister (at baptism of a baby): "His name please?"

Mother: "Randolph Morgan Montgomery Alfred Van Christopher McGoff."

Minister (to assistant): "A little more water please."—*Mangrove*.

Jerome Steinbach: "Frank, have you read 'Freckles'?"

Gustafson: "No, I have only brown ones."—*Forum*.

Mother: "The man who gets my daughter will get a prize."

Chuck Rummel: "May I see it, please?"
—*Forum*.

Teacher: "Give the definition of a vacuum."

Pupil: "An empty bottle full of nothing."
—*Agawam*.

Wanted: "A seven letter word for 'The Yanks Are Coming'."

Helen: "Dentist."

—*The Exponent*.

ALUMNI

Agawam High School has recently had some of the alumni within her halls. The visitors were quickly recognized as John Pilch of '26, Henry Twine of '24, and George Reynolds of '28.

Judson Hastings '28 is now at Atwater's Nursery doing six months of practical work. He then returns for six months at M. A. C. where he is studying landscape gardening.

Corrine A. Wright '26 attended Fitchburg Normal School two years. Now she is married to Arthur Southworth, an experienced accountant.

Clintina T. Wright '25 attended Bay Path for the period of two years, taught at Brooklyn Normal School for a year. Now she has the position of wife for Warren Bodurtha.

On March 4th a son was born to Mrs. Robert Rickert, formerly Miss Dorothy Munson of the class of '28.

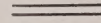
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Senior High I — Beatrice Casanova, Helen Casanova, Louise Caruso, Nellie Davis, Verda Fitzgerald, Irene Gavoni, Charles Marsh, Louise Meyer, Mae Novelli, Emma Ricci, Harold Roos, John Roos, Julius Thormeyer, Bion Wheeler.

Junior High III — Creighton Abrams, Vera Alvergini, Kenneth Blanchard, Catharine Ashe, Norma Broggi, Alice Harrigan, Sylvia Hunter, Irene Montagna, Marjorie Secord, Justine Healy, Ernest Swanson.

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(Continued from Page 15)

H. G. S. at Agawam

Led by its quartet of star forwards, Grimes, Costa, Rudman, and Jones, Agawam ran away with the Holyoke Girl Scouts in the local gym. Score: 62-14.

Capt. Burke, Fickweiler, Hastings, and Bozenhard starred defensively while Hall was doing the best work for the H. G. S.

Palmer at Agawam

Although the Palmer girls managed to win a one-point verdict from Agawam in Palmer, it found things less to its liking at Agawam and as a result took a severe beating. Score: 37-21.

Grimes and Costa led on the offense while Bozenhard and Hastings continued their good work of holding down the opposing forwards.

Suffield at Agawam

With Costa, its crack forward shooting them in from all directions and with great accuracy, the local girls found little difficulty in trouncing its Suffield rivals 60-13.

Costa completed a mere 17 field goals and a foul for a grand total of 35 points. Bozenhard and Hastings continued their wonderful guarding of the past few weeks by holding the opposing forwards down to the total of five goals.

Individual Scoring

	<i>G</i>	<i>Baskets</i>	<i>Fouls</i>	<i>Total</i>
Grimes.....	10	81	24	186
Costa.....	10	48	13	104
Jones.....	11	38	8	84
Pizano.....	4	21	3	45
Rudman.....	3	10	5	25
Hastings.....	1	4	0	8
Totals.....	11	202	53	457
Opponents...	11	82	28	192

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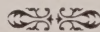
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(Continued from Page 3)

living through the bad weather. See here, he said, walking across his den to the window is my feeding station."

Looking at the shelf outside the window I saw sunflower seeds, suet, and a little rack for something else. "What do you keep in there?" I asked.

"That is where I keep cracked peanuts," he replied smiling. "You know nut hatches love peanuts."

"Now take the matter of roadsides," Mr. Burgess continued. "I sincerely hope that in time to come all advertising signs will be done away with. They do so much to shut off and mar the view. Roadsides are made lovely by just allowing nature to do her work undisturbed. Of course if people, whenever they see a wild flower or beautiful bush by the road, will persist in jumping out of the car and snatching the flower up by the roots, many varieties of our flowers will soon disappear. The fringed gentians have already become scarce because of ruthless picking, and the lady-slippers will soon follow because they must go to seed if there are to be plants the next year."

"Yes, I certainly do understand as I never have before," I answered. "I surely appreciate your kindness in giving me so much of your time."

Then I said good-bye to Mr. Burgess, regretfully, because it had all been so interesting.

Now, in summing up what I had heard I realize how deeply Mr. Burgess feels about the preservation of our natural beauty, especially our birds and flower families. The visit has made me wish that we in our school could in some way help to carry on his worthy work right here in Agawam. And I'm sure, that we can. Let's do it.

Helen Rudman.

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(Continued from Page 12)

"One of the weakest features of *Homespun* no doubt, is the short story. The material submitted along this line is not only scarce—it altogether does not live up to the standard for short stories as found in most high school publications. Of course, there are few Poes or O. Henrys in the high schools, but there is no reason why school students should not be able to contribute better material for short stories. The best way is to study, or at least read, short stories acknowledged to be good. A good short story is one with an interesting, well-developed plot. It is more important to develop the plot thoroughly. To stop after the mere invention of a plot is to follow the footsteps of the majority of school students of whose material it can be said, "Good idea, but poorly organized."

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